

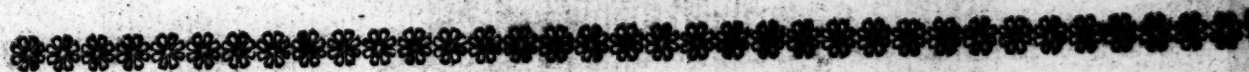
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H O N O U R.

K

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P O E M.

Inscribed to the
Right Hon^{ble} the Lord Viscount *LONSDALE*.

*Hic Manus ob Patriam pugnando vulnera passi;
Quique Sacerdotes casti dum vita manebat;
Quique pii Vates, & Phæbo digna locuti,
Inventas aut qui Vitam excoluere per Artes,
Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo;
Omnibus his nivea cinguntur Tempora vitta.*

VIRG. EN. VI.

----- *Who shall go about
To cozen Fortune, and be honourable
Without the Stamp of Merit?*

SHAKESPEAR.

L O N D O N:

Printed for R. DODSLEY at *Tully's-Head* in *Pall-Mall*, and
fold by M. COOPER at the *Globe* in *Pater-Noster-Row*. 1743.

H O N O U R

H P O E U M

Inscribed to the

Right Honourable the Lord Viscount DONSDALE

Omnia hic nunc circumstant Tempora cuncta
Quippe hic nunc circumstant Tempora cuncta
Quippe hic nunc circumstant Tempora cuncta
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Quippe hic nunc circumstant Tempora cuncta

Without the Stamp of Merit?
To crown Fortitude, and be honourable
Who shall go down

SHAKESPEARE



Printed for R. D. B. in Pall Mall, and
Sold by M. Cooper at the Office in Peter-Street, 1793.



H O N O U R.

P O E M, &c.



YES: all, *my Lord*, usurp fair HO NOUR's Name,
Tho' false as various be the boasted Claim:
Th' ambitious Miser swells his boundless Store,
And dreads that highest Scandal, to be poor;
His wiser Heir derides the Dotard's Aim,
And bids Profusion bribe him into Fame.

Verse 1, &c. The various and ridiculous Pretensions of Mankind to Honour and Fame enumerated.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 1, &c. *Où l'Honneur, Valincour, est cheri dans le Monde —
L'Ambitieux le met souvent à tout bruler,
L'Avare à voir chez lui le Pactole rouler,
Une faux Brave à vanter sa Proïesse frivole,*

Oft' Honour, perching on the ribbon'd Breast,
 Sneers at weak Justice, and defies th' Arrest;
 She dwells exulting on the Tongues of Kings; 9
 She wakes the Muse to flight, and plumes her Wings;
 The Soldier views her in the shining Blade;
 The Pedant 'midst the Lumber in his Head.
 She to fell Treason the Disguise can lend,
 And sheath her Sword remorseless in a Friend:
 Her Throne's fantastic Pride, we often see 10
 Rear'd on the Tombs of Truth and Honesty:
 Fops, Templars, Courtiers, Slaves, Cheats, Patriots, all
 Pretend to hear, and to obey her Call.

IMITATIONS,

*Un vrai Fourbe, à jamais ne garder sa Parole,
 Ce Poète à noircir d'insipides Papiers,
 Ce Marquis à savoir frauder ces Creanciers. —
 En un Mot, parcourons & la Mer & la Terre;
 Interrogeons Marchands, Financiers, Gens du Guerre,
 Courtisans, Magistrats, chez Eux, si je les croi,
 L'Interêt ne peut rien, l'Honneur seul fait la Loi.*

BOILEAU Sat. II.

Where

Where fix we then?--Each boasting thus his own,
Say, does *true* Honour dwell with all, or none?

The Truth, *my Lord*, is clear:--Tho' impious Pride
Is ever self-ador'd, self-deify'd;
Tho' Fools by Passion or Self-Love betray'd,
Fall down and worship what themselves have made;
Still does the Goddess in her Form divine, 25
O'er each grim Idol eminently shine,
Array'd in lasting Majesty, is known
Thro' every Clime and Age, unchang'd, and *One*,
But how explor'd?--Take Reason for your Guide,
Discard Self-Love; set Passion's Glass aside; 30
Nor view her with the jaundic'd Eye of Pride.

Verse 21. Tho' they are thus inconsistent and contradictory, yet true Honour is a Thing fixed and determinate.

Verse 29. If we would form an impartial Judgment of what is truly Honourable, we must abstract all Considerations which regard ourselves.

Yet

Yet judge not rashly from a *partial* View
 Of what is wrong or right, or false or true;
 Objects too near deceive th' Observer's Eye;
 Examine those which at due Distance lie. 35

Scarce is the Structure's Harmony descry'd
 'Midst the tall Column's, and gay Order's Pride;
 But tow'rd's the destin'd Point your Sight remove,
 And *this* shall lessen still, and *that* improve;
 New Beauties gain upon your wond'ring Eyes, 40
 And the fair *Whole* in just Proportion rise.
 Thus Honour's true Proportions best are seen,
 Where the due Length of Ages lies between:
 This separates Pride from Greatness, Show from Worth,
 Detects false Beauty, real Grace calls forth; 45
 Points out what merits Praise, what merits Blame,
 Sinks in Disgrace, or rises into Fame.

Verse 32. Not only so, but we must remove ourselves to a proper Distance from the Object we examine, lest some Part should predominate in our Eye, and occasion a false Judgment of the whole.

Come

Come then, from past Examples let us prove
What raises Hate, Contempt, Esteem, or Love.

Can Greatness give true Honour? can Expence? 50
Can Luxury? or can Magnificence?

Wild is the Purpose; mad the fruitless Aim,
Like a vile Prostitute to bribe fair Fame;
Perswasive Splendor vainly tempts her Ear,
And ev'n all-potent Gold is baffled here. 55

Ye Pyramids that once could threat the Skies,
Aspiring Tow'rs, and cloud-wrapt Wonders, rise!
To latest Age your Founder's Pride proclaim;
Record the Tyrant's Greatness; tell his Name!

Verse 48. Therefore the surest Method is, to prove by past Examples what commands our Love and Esteem.

Verse 50, &c. Expence and Grandeur cannot give true Honour: Their most splendid Monuments vanish; and even should they last for ever, could not bestow Glory, if only the Records of Pride, Tyranny and Vice.

No more:--The treacherous Brick and mould'ring Stone
 Are sunk in Dust: the boasting Title gone:
 Pride's Trophies, swept by Time's devouring Flood,
 Th' Inscription want, to tell where once they stood.
 But could they rival Nature, Time defy,
 Yet what record but Vice or Vanity?
 His the true Glory, tho' his Name unknown,
 Who taught the Arch to swell; to rise, the Stone;
 Not his, whose wild Command fair Art obey'd,
 Whilst Folly, dictated, or Passion sway'd.
 No: spite of Greatness, Pride and Vice are seen,
 Shameful in Pomp, conspicuously mean.
 In vain, O Stately, thy proud Forests spread,
 In vain each gilded Turret rears its Head;

Verse 72, &c. Much less if purchased by Oppression and Guilt.

In vain thy Lord commands the Stream to fall,
 Extends the View, and spreads the smooth Canal, 75
 While Guilt's black Train each conscious Walk invades,
 And Cries of Orphans haunt him in the Shade.
 Mistaken Man ! by Crimes to hope for Fame !
 Thy imag'd Glory leads to real Shame.
 Is Villany self-hated ? Thus to raise 80
 Upbraiding Monuments of foul Disgrace !
 Succeeding Times, and Ages yet unborn,
 Shall view the guilty Scene with honest Scorn ;
 Disdain each Beauty thy proud Folly plann'd,
 And curse the Labours of Oppression's Hand. 85

Next, view the Heroe in th' embattl'd Field :
 True Honour's Fruit can Conquest's Laurel yield ?

Him only honour'd, only lov'd we find,
 Who fights not to destroy, but save Mankind :

Verse 86, &c. True Honour is not be reaped from unjust Conquest : It is not Victory, but a just Cause that can engage our Esteem.

Pelides' Fury may our Wonder move, 90
 But God-like *HECTOR* is the Man we love.
 See *WILLIAM'S* Sword a Tyrant's Pride disarm :
 See *Lewis* trembling under *MARLB'RO'S* Arm :
 Say, which to human kind are Friends or Foes?
 And who detests not *these*, and loves not *those*? 95
 Conquest unjust can ne'er command Applause ;
 'Tis not the Vict'ry charms you, but the Cause :
 Not *Cæsar's* self can feign the Patriot's Part,
 Nor his false Virtues hide his poison'd Heart :
 But round *thy* Brows the willing Laurels twine, 100
 Whose Voice † wak'd Freedom in the savage Mine !
 Yes : truly glorious, only great is He
 Who conquers, or who bleeds for Liberty.
 " Heroes are much the same, the Point's agreed,
 " From *Macedonia's* Mad-man to the *Swede*. 105

IMITATIONS.

Verse 98. *Du premier des Cæsar's on vante les Exploits ;*
Mais dans quel Tribunal, jugé suivant les Loix,
Eut il pu disculper son injuste Manie ?

BOILEAU Sat. XI, 88

† GUSTAVUS VASA.

Like baleful Comets flaming in the Skies,
 At destin'd Times th' appointed Scourges rise;
 A while in streaming Lustre sweep along,
 And fix in Wonder's Gaze th' admiring Throng;
 But Reason's Eye detects the spurious Ray, 110
 And the false Blaze of Glory dies away.

Now all th' aërial Cells of Wit explore;
 The mazy Rounds of Science travel o'er;
 Search all the deep Recesses of the Mind,
 And see, if there true Honour sits enshrined. 115

Alas, nor Wit nor Science this can boast,
 Oft' dash'd with Error, oft' in Caprice lost!
 Transient as bright the short-liv'd Bubbles fly,
 And Modes of Wit, and Modes of Science die.

Verse 116. Neither is true Glory to be obtained by Wit or Science: They are often Chimerical: Sometimes attended with Folly, and Weakness; often stained with Vice, and so render their Possessors mischievous and infamous.

See *Rab'lais* once the Idol of his Age;
 Yet now neglected lies the smutt'd Page!
 Of once renown'd *Des Cartes* how low the Fall;
 His Glory with his Whirlpools vanish all
 See Folly, Wit and Weakness, Wisdom stain,
 And *Villars* witty, *Bacon* wise in vain!
 Oft' Vice corrupts what Sense and Parts refine,
 And clouds the Splendor of the brightest Line,
 Sullies what *Congreve*, and what *Dryden* write,
 This Fashion's Slave; as that, the Slave of Wit
 In vain fair Genius bids the Laurel shoot;
 The deadly Worm thus eating at the Root:
 Corroded thus, the greenest Wreaths decay,
 And all the Poet's Honours fall away;

Verse 126. *Je ne puis estimer ces dangereux Auteurs,
 Qui de l'Honneur en Vers infames Desertours,
 Trabissant la Vertu sur un Papier coupable,
 Aux yeux de leur Lecteurs rendent le Vice aimable.
 Et vain l'Esprit est plein d'un noble Vigueur,
 Les Vers se font toujours des Bassesses du Cœur.*

BOILEAU l'Art Poet. Ch. 4.

Quick

Quick as autumnal Leaves, the Laurels fade,
And droop on *Rochester's* and *Otway's* Head. 135

Where then is found TRUE HONOUR, heavenly fair?
Ask, *LONSDALE*, ask your Heart—the dictates *there*.

Yes: 'tis in VIRTUE:—*That* alone can give

The lasting Honour, and bid Glory live:
On Virtue's Basis only Fame can rise, 140

To stand the Storms of Age, and reach the Skies;
Arts, Conquest, Greatness, feel the Stroke of Fate,

Shrink sudden, and betray th' incumbent Weight;
Time with Contempt the faithless Props surveys,

“And buries Mad-men in the Heaps they raise. 145

'Tis Virtue only can the *Bard* inspire,
And fill his raptur'd Breast with lasting Fire:

Verse 183. The Foundation of true Honour is Virtue only.

Touch'd

Touch'd by th' ethereal Ray each kindled Line
 Beams strong: still Virtue feeds the Flame divine;
 Where'er she treads she leaves her Footsteps bright, 150
 In radiant Tracts of never-dying Light;
 These shed the Lustre o'er each sacred Name,
 Give SPENCER's clear, and SHAKESPEAR's noble Flame;
 Blaze to the Skies in MILTON's ardent Song,
 And kindle the brisk-falling Fires of YOUNG; 155
 These gild each humble Verse in modest GAY;
 These give to SWIFT the keen, soul-piercing Ray;
 Mildly thro' ADDISON's chaste Page they shine,
 And glow and warm in POPE's immortal Line.

Nor less the Sage must live by Virtue's Aid; 160
 Truth must support him, or his Glories fade;
 And Truth and Virtue differ but in Name,
 Like Light and Heat --distinguish'd, yet the same.

Verse 153. It is Virtue only that gives the Poet lasting Glory: this proved
 by Instances

To Truth from Virtue the Ascent is sure;
 The wholesome Stream implies the Fountain pure; 165
 To taste the Spring we oft' essay in vain;
 Deep lies the Source, too short is Reason's Chain;
 But those the Issues of pure Truth we know,
 Which in clear Strength thro' Virtue's Channel flow:
 Error in vain attempts the foul Disguise, 170
 Still tasted in the bitter Wave of Vice;
 Drawn from the Springs of Falsehood all confess
 Each baneful Drop that poisons Happiness; ---

Verse 164. The Philosopher can only hope for true Glory from the same Source; because Truth is his Object, and nothing can be Truth that tends to destroy Virtue and Happiness.

Verse 174. Hence appears the Madness, Infamy, and Falsehood of those destructive Schemes set on foot by the Sect called *Free Thinkers*.

R E M A R K S.

G-rd-n's thin Shallows. The Work here characterized is entitled "*The Independent Whig, or a Defence of our ecclesiastical Establishments*": Yet it may be truly affirmed, that there is not one Institution of the Church of England, but what is there misrepresented, and ridiculed with the lowest and most despicable Scurrility.

C

G-rd-n's

Falsehood short-lived: Truth eternal.

G--rd-n's thin Shallows, *Tindal's* muddy Page,
 And *Morgan's* Gall, and *Woolston's* furious Rage; 175
 Th' envenom'd Stream that flows from *Toland's* Quill,
 And the rank Dregs of *Hobbes* and *Mandeville*.
 Detested Names! yet sentenc'd ne'er to die;
 Snatch'd from Oblivion's Grave by Infamy!
 Insect-Opinions, hatch'd by Folly's Ray, 180
 Bask in the Beam that wing'd them, for a Day:
 Truth, Phoenix-like immortal, tho' she dies,
 With Strength renew'd shall from her Ashes rise.

Tindal's muddy Page.] Alluding to the Confusion of Ideas, which that dull Writer always labours under.

Morgan.] His Character is thus drawn by an excellent Writer—"Who by the peculiar Felicity of a good Choice, having learn'd his Morality of our *Tindal*, and his Philosophy of your [the Jews] *Spinoza*, calls himself, by the Courtesy of England, a Moral Philosopher. *WARB. div. L. of Moses dem. Vol. II. Ded. p. 20.*

Toland.] A noted Advocate for that Species of Atheism commonly called *Pantbeism*.

Hobbes.] It is confessed he was a Man of Genius and Learning: Yet thro' a ridiculous Affectation of being regarded as the Founder of new Systems, he has advanced many things even below Confutation.

Mandeville.] The Author of that monstrous Heap of Contradiction and Absurdity, "*The Fable of the Bees, or private Vices publick Benefits.*" The Reader who is acquainted with the Writings of these Gentlemen, will probably observe a kind of Climax in this Place; ascending from those who have attempted to destroy the several *Fences of Virtue*, to the wild Boars of the Wood that root it up.

Verse 180. Falschood short-lived: Truth eternal.

See, how the Lustre of th' ATHENIAN † Sage
 Shines thro' the lengthen'd Gloom of many an Age! 185
 Virtue alone so wide the Beam cou'd spread,
 And throw the lasting Glory round his Head.
 See NEWTON chase Conjecture's twilight Ray,
 And light up Nature into certain Day!
 He wide Creation's trackless Mazes trod; 190
 And in each Atom found the ruling God.
 Unrival'd Pair! with Truth and Virtue fraught!
 Whose Lives confirm'd whate'er their Reason taught!
 Whose far-stretch'd Views, and bright Examples join'd
 At once t'enlighten and persuade Mankind! 195
 Hail, Names rever'd! which Time and Truth proclaim
 The first as fairest in the List of Fame.

† Socrates.

Verse 184, &c. Examples of the two most illustrious Philosophers that ever adorned the World; the one excellent in *Moral*, the other in *Natural* Knowledge.

Kings,

Kings, Statesmen, Patriots, thus to Glory rise;
 On Virtue grows their Fame, nor soon it dies;
 But grafted on the vigorous Stock, 'tis seen
 Brighten'd by Age, and springs in endless Green:
 Pride, Folly, Vice, may blossom for an Hour,
 Fed by Court-Sun-shine, and Poetick Show'r;
 But the pale Tendrils, nurs'd by Flattery's Hand,
 Unweary'd Tendance, fresh Supplies demand;
 By Heats unnatural push'd to sudden Growth,
 They sicken at th' inclement Blasts of Truth;
 Shook by the weakest Breath that passes by,
 Their Colours fade, they wither, droop, and die.
 * * * * *
 'Tis Virtue only that shall grow with Time,
 Live thro' each Age, and spread thro' ev'ry Clime.

Verse 198, &c. *Kings, Statesmen, and Patriots* must build their Fame on Virtue.

Verse 204. Flattery cannot raise Folly or Vice into true Glory.

See god-like Patriots, gen'rous, wise, and good,
 Stand in the Breach, and stem Corruption's Flood!
 See Martyr-Bishops at the Stake expire,
 Smile on the Faggot, and defy its Fire! 215
 How great in Exile HYDE and TULLY shone!
 How ALFRED's Virtues brighten'd all his Throne!
 From Worth like this unbidden Glories stream;
 No borrow'd Blaze it asks, nor Fortune's Beam;
 Affliction's Gloom but makes it still more bright, 220
 As the clear Lamp shines clearest in the Night.
 Thus various Honours various States adorn,
 As different Stars with different Glory burn;
 Their Orbs too wider, as their Sphere is higher;
 Yet all partake the same celestial Fire. 225

R E M A R K S.

See Martyr-Bishops, &c.] The Catalogue of these Heroes, thro' the several Ages of Christianity, is too large to be inserted in a Work of this Nature: Those of our own Country were RIDLEY, LATIMER, and the good (tho' less fortunate) CRANMER.

Verse 222. Thus it appears that every one has the Power of obtaining true Honour, by promoting the Happiness of Mankind in his proper Station.

See then Heav'n's endless Bounty, and confess,
Which gives in Virtue Fame and Happiness!
See Mankind's Folly; who the Boon despise,
And grasp at Pain and Infamy in Vice!

Not so the Man who mov'd by Virtue's Laws, 230
Reveres himself--and gains, not seeks Applause;
Whose Views concenter'd, all to Virtue tend;
Who makes *true Glory* but his *second End*;
Still sway'd by what is fit, and just, and true,
Who gives to all whate'er to all is due; 235
When Parties mad Sedition's Garb put on,
Snatches the highest Praise,---and is of *none*;
Whilst round and round the *veering Patriots* roll,
Unshaken points to *Truth*, as to his Pole;

Verse 226. And thus the Love of Fame, tho' often perverted to bad Ends,
naturally conducive to Virtue and Happiness.

Verse 230, &c. True Honour characterized and exemplify'd.

Contemns

Contemns alike what Factions praise or blame ; 240

O'er Rumour's narrow Orbit soars to Fame :

Unmov'd whilst Malice Barks, or Envy howls,

Walks firm to Virtue thro' the Scoffs of Fools ;

No Minion flatters ; gains no selfish End ; 244

His own--his King's--his Country's--Mankind's Friend:--

Him Virtue crowns with Wreaths that ne'er decay ;

And Glory circles him with endless Day.

Such He who deep in VIRTUE roots his Fame ;

And such thro' Ages shall be LONSDALE's Name.

BY W. L. LONSDALE

A Clear and Distinguishing View of our Constitution,
And every Branch of the Legislature.



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L O N D O N :

Printed for R. DODSLEY, at Tully's Head in Pall Mall.

M,DCC,XLIV.